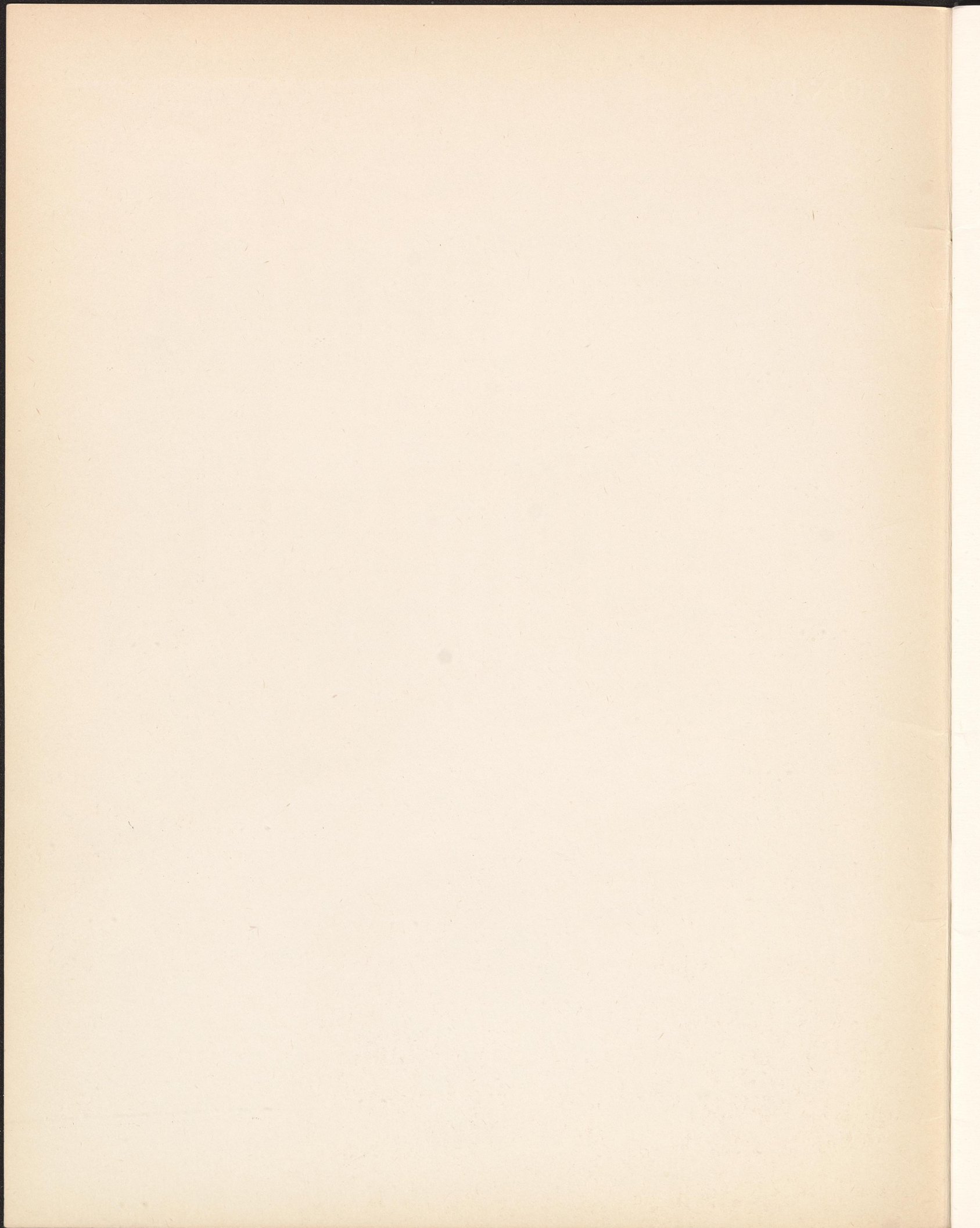


*Hallmarks of  
Harpeth Hall*

*SPRING 1968*







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## THE FIRST OF THE UNTITLED

What shall I write about?	I don't know.
I want to write about something.	What?
Anything.	For instance?
Give me an idea.	I don't have any.
Oh. Are you sure?	Positive.
Well then, another dead end.	It seems that way.
Want to try another session later?	O.K.
See you later.	Bye.



6

Elmerina Fusco, '69

"Oh I, I am a catfish, swimming in the deep blue sea." What do I spy, shining there in the water? Swim on, fishy-wishy, swim on! Oh, I see. Now fisherman, do you actually propose to catch me on the deadly hook of that question mark? Not unless you can offer something tastier than that worm. Swim on, fishy-wishy, swim on.

## AFTERMATH

Helen Manier, '68

Faces  
Swollen, red,  
Distorted by tears.  
Voices  
Low, filled  
With emotion.  
Minds  
Remembering,  
Thinking,  
Questioning.  
All wondering  
Why him?

## TELL ME HOW MORNING SMILES

Deborah June Olive Baker, '68

When I stand on the high, sandy dune, I can feel inside me everything that I see. I breathe in and out, in and out with the gentle wavelets, sometimes quickening, but never stopping. The hot, white sand warms my very heart and softly enfolds me. The fine grains surround my toes, reminding me of their softness and siftness. A whisper of the wind breathes, slipping past me and playing with my hair. The gulls swim lazily overhead, not realizing the true worth of their wings. The blue of the water contrasts so sharply and cleanly with the white of the sand that I feel as if I have bitten into a sugared lemon. I feel much more than this; the utter content, the quiet, and everything which is lost in the translation into words. I am in harmony with everything; perhaps not an individual part of the harmony, for I feel the entire chord. "Remember the feeling as a child, when you woke up and morning smiled?" You can't tell anyone how morning smiles, can you?



## UNTITLED NO. 1

Merrie Morrissey, '69

*Pitter Patter is the chatter.  
Drip Drop there's no stop.  
For a child the rain's so mild.  
But then*

*pounding noise above her,  
screeching tires around her,  
crackling all but within her,  
and the wetness she could  
taste—in the dark.*

*Then*

*she was scared  
and sought safety,  
creeping under the covers,  
but it was not there.*

*"Mother! Daddy!" her piercing cries*

*Rung in her ears*

*Yet never left her throat.*

*"I'm not a child, I'm grown, but*

*I do wish, oh—I want my blanket!"*

*Reality made her terrified*

*So she left it.*

*Running outdoors, not stopping.*

*"The treehouse. The gang will save me.*

*Let down the ladder."*

*panting, pulling,  
ripping lacy nightgown,  
scarring lily-white hands,  
breaking "barely-pink" well-manicured nails,  
she reached the top, safety.*

*The pleading voices all round her*

*Were only ignored because*

*She was going to show them all. She was safe*

*In her hideout in the trees*

*With the wise owls, singing birds.*

*She will live on forever in adventure, fun,  
security.*

*"Ha Ha Ha" I won't go down with them.*

*Not to that suffocating hole in the basement*

*For weeks, for months, forever,*

*Until it is over, everything is over.*

*Oh look at the pretty silver airplane*

*Zooming across the sky.*

*Airplane, aren't you getting wet?*

*Drip Drop the rain won't stop.*

*Pitter Patter is the chatter.*

*For a child, the rain's so mild.*

## ORIENTAL

Judy Quinn, '69

Oriental. That's what it is. Spicy lights and pink smoke hold up the dreamers lest they fall to reality. Flashing, striped bodies move jerkily to the pounding of the skins and pulling of the taut metal parallels. The paired people weave in and out of intricate patterns and undulations. Bobbing red dots give their sin away. Do they thrive on smoke or conformity? Sway, sway, as the sounds push you further from reality and into eccentric patterns. Whites turn blue; reds turn purple; you turn oriental. The gold Buddah gleams blood red by reflections. His Mona Lisa smile is contradicted only by one raised eyebrow.

?

Betsy Campbell, '68

*Fantasies flicker  
Before the darkened  
Screen of my mind.  
The moon is different  
On the twenty-second of  
Every month.  
We laugh,  
Embrace,  
And run  
Two distinct forms  
Melt into one  
In the moonlight.  
Was it a nightingale?  
Or does it matter?*

*Reality, so far away,  
Awaits—but only after  
The moon is gone, the music  
Played. We move easily  
Through our own darkness,  
And all too soon, reluctant  
Hands part, but  
Darkened shadows remember.*



## WORLD SANDWICH

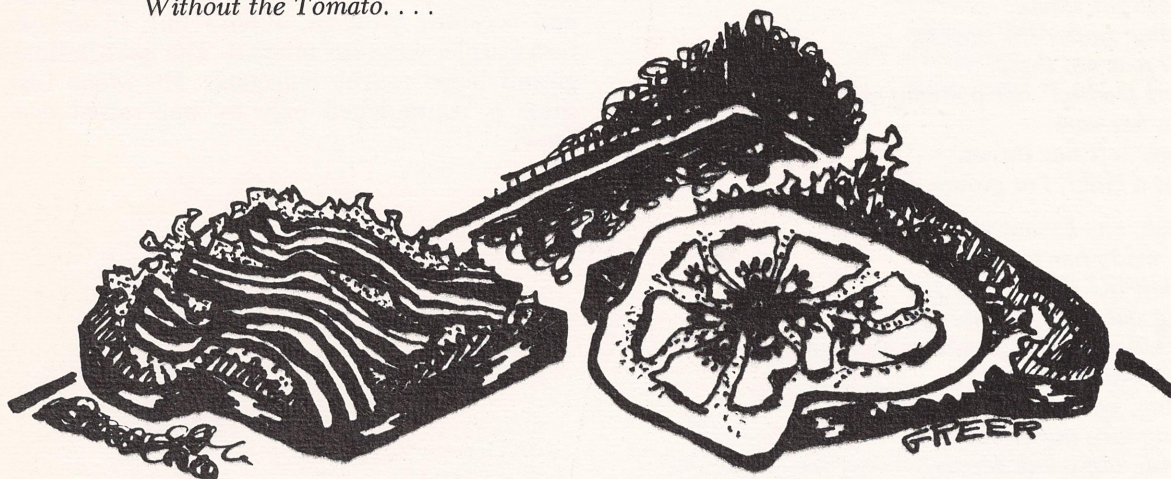
Judy Quinn, '69

*Gimme a world sandwich  
With pickles and places and things  
Made from the recipe of our forefathers  
Cooked in the grease of human toil.  
The Big Red*

*Tomato*

*Oozes over the Country Green Lettuce,  
Don't forget the bread of peace.  
But we're out of toothpicks.  
Oh well, it could not have held together forever.  
But then,*

*Without the Tomato. . .*

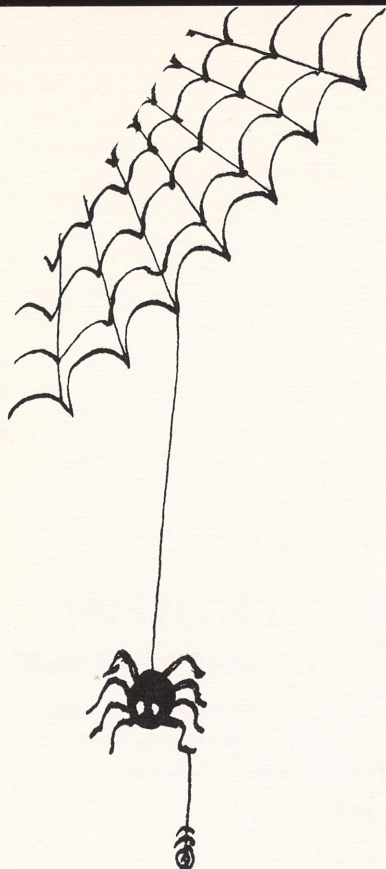


## THE MEETING

Dorothy Keenan, '70

*Round and round our flaming cross we dance  
beneath the golden moon—  
Our long, white robes flapping against  
our legs in the dewey grasses.  
We chant and sing, soaking in the  
delicious luxury of our superiority—  
Back and forth, around and again we twirl  
in our fervor, working ourselves into a sweet  
delirium.  
From the top of the hill our cross can be  
seen for miles in the valley.  
Our power is supreme. The light of the cross  
is reflected in the black pits called eyes.  
At last our wild ride through the darkness,  
singing our song, playing our game.  
Dawn, we cast off our lovely white,  
and don our blue denim to sweat and  
Scratch in the dirt of the day. We will be  
sullen and silent, chewing our tobacco,  
Our cross only a charred cinder,  
lying among the weeds.*





## FROM THE LIST OF UNNAMED POEMS

Grace Paine, '70

*clining,  
dangling,  
clutching on to a  
thin golden  
thread—  
my body thrashes to keep out  
of the black pool  
of reality.*

## POETRY LATE AT NIGHT

Ann Denson, '69

*I sit on the porch,  
alone with my-  
self. It is late  
and I am so  
tired.*

*But I cannot sleep,  
I will not  
give in to the power-  
ful urge to  
rest my body.*

*I open the door and  
I see her limp  
down the  
hall. I catch up with  
her, and we  
go upstairs.*

## AUGUST, 1967

Fonde Thompson, '68

*Your leaving was one of those  
Intensely sad moments  
When the tears that never came wouldn't  
Have helped anyway, so it's just as well,  
Maybe.  
It was the sort of moment that affects your whole  
week  
With a sort of tired sadness, and  
You wish you had cried.  
It was such a helpless feeling  
To watch you leave,  
Not being able to tell you that I  
Really would miss you, and  
Not knowing how to make amends  
Sincerely  
For all the little jabs that hurt,  
But that you never let me know about . . .  
The kind I regret now and wonder  
If I could have taken them had I been on the  
receiving end.  
I'll never forget your charming way of saying  
"Never mind" and  
Really forgetting the awful incident  
Or forgiving the foolish blunder.  
And to think I just stood there  
And watched that Greyhound bus  
Take you three years away.*





## LAMENTATION

Grace Paine, '70

As the heavy feet plop upon me, I groan with the realization that my existence will never change. For each time that I peer into the face above the feet, I am greeted only with a scowl of anger and disgust. Deeply I ponder the question, "What do I do that upsets them so?" And helplessly I try to make them happy, but all my attempts are to no avail. I find I can do nothing at all. Is my only purpose to create immense unhappiness? Then surely it would be better to end my existence here and now. But I have not even the power to destroy myself, and therefore tormented I must forever stay. You see, I belong to the race of the most miserable objects on earth—the race of the bathroom scales.

## "PAIN'S PLEASURE"

Cathy Anderson, '68

Deeper

Blacker

Down

Down

The fresh-lit coals are smoldering, red hot.

Cool, aloof, I fan the glow, letting

The twinkling firebrand of his his indifference

Make a

Deepening

Blackening

Indelible

Scar.

Alive I was, clutching a trembling handful

Of intense, delicate hours . . . the only time

I ever touched or felt the soul I met

Once

Upon

A

Miracle.



## ALLITERATION

Susan Cornelius, '69

*Smashing, smearing, smothering, smacking,  
Still it seems that something's lacking,  
In this maze of ridiculousity  
Lies the base of ambiguity.*

## INSIGHT

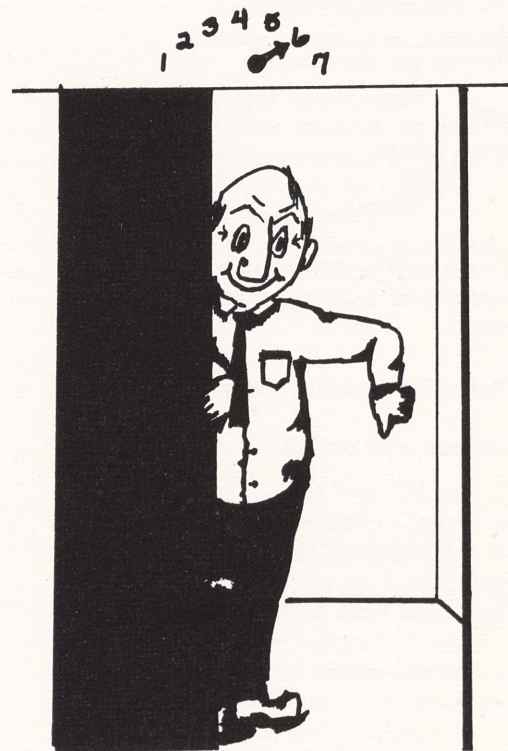
Rose Marie Pinder, '71

*I lived for tomorrow  
until yesterday  
reminded me of today*

## DEATH

Jane Buchanan, '69

*Death is like an elevator;  
It comes,  
The door opens,  
A little man says, "Going down."*



## I DO BELIEVE

Jane Gwinn, '69

*I do believe we'd be at quite  
a loss,  
Without fat ole Santa Claus.*

## UNTITLED MESSAGE

Bennie Batson, '70

*Man sits within himself,  
Thus, no longer lonely.*



## UNTITLED NO. 50

Sheri Anglea, '70

*I'm lost in a valley surrounded  
by orange mist.  
It's cold.  
I can't see a thing except my  
own hands.*

*Stumbling.  
blindly*

*I,*

*Remembered.*

*And then the choir sang and  
sand,  
"Hooray for the losers."*

*They all  
Know where  
it's at!  
What?*

*Then I crossed the border into  
a dreamworld, and it was just  
the same.*

*So I crossed into another place,  
and  
I jumped into a pit and died.*

*I fell, and fell, and fell,  
Then I went to heaven,  
but it wasn't there, so  
I crawled back up the  
pit, and went back to the dreamworld,*

*Next door to reality.*

## A BLADE OF GRASS

Jeannie Crawford, '70

*A blade of grass.  
Alone.  
Solitary.  
Among a million of its kind.  
Outnumbered.  
But, surging forward on its own,  
Through dark and light  
Beneath the sun.  
To wither  
With them all.*

## LIFE

Margaret Weaver, '70

*The journey is one of hardship.  
The reward is one of blessing.  
Too many fall by the road;  
Most crawl before they stand,  
But there are fools who never get up.*

*The road swerves and  
Meets your unstable feet  
Through a veil of cold virtue.  
The rules eat at your soul  
And some crumble from the pressure.*

*But there are always those  
Who take the other road,  
And look over the next hill for security.  
He is the one who covers up reality  
For self-indulged reason,  
And dies with a look of  
Sickening innocence on  
An inexperienced face.*

(four a.m.)

Jenny Tippens, '68

*Somewhere in the dark uncertainty of the early  
hours,*

*Lies the answer.  
Through the sun and moonlight run the  
unseeing.*

*But you and I—  
The unclear, undefined dark time is our's.*

*Somewhere in the dark uncertainty of the early  
hours*

*I heard you whisper and,  
Fearing I should wake the others,  
Crouched by your languid form and felt the  
warmth of confidence.*

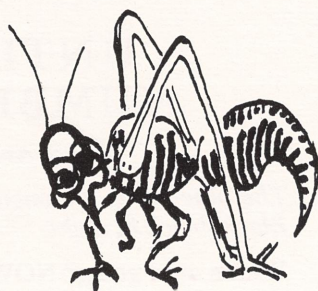
*And now, though secret times are never shared,  
The times of solitude are never lonely.  
Here in the dark of the early hours,  
The answer is mine.*



## THOUGHTS ON THE GENERATION GAP

Peggy McLain, '69

*It's a wanderin' foot  
And a dreamin' heart  
And a soul that's searchin'  
For it knows not what  
That comes at last  
To that grand new land  
Of the soul that knows  
How to understand.*



## CHANGE OF FACE

Jenny Tippens, '68

*Happy.  
Oh I'm so happy.  
Nobody spoke to me today  
Nobody around here cares  
But I know you're there, even though  
  
I miss you.  
I miss you a lot.  
And I know you miss me. That makes it  
something we share.  
I wish we were together, but  
  
It's O.K.  
It's O.K., because I can remember.  
We have a lot to remember.  
When I'm away from you  
I think. And then  
  
I keep remembering.  
I keep remembering until I hit the bad part  
That I had tried to forget but I  
hadn't quite succeeded  
and there I go bringing it all up again  
When I had begun to feel so  
Happy.*

## A WISH

Marilyn Blackman, '71

*As the cool salty air  
Blew through my hair,  
As I stood from my balcony high,  
Though simply by chance  
My eye caught a glance  
A falling meteor from the sky.*

*I thought to myself  
Of a wish of wealth  
Of pistachio in a dish.  
I felt dumbly stunned  
Of what I had done  
To have wished so foolishly.*

*I might never again  
Come chanced to win  
A falling meteor from the sky.  
Think not hurriedly  
But intelligently  
When chances go floating by.*

## FAITH

Jeannie Crawford, '70

*A delicate winged creature  
Has lighted on my heart.  
He flies from there unto my head  
There his colors glisten  
Amethyst and ruby  
In the clarity of sunlight.  
But then a shadow falls  
These colors all are fused  
Hesitantly he takes to the air  
Flying round my head  
Then lands upon my heart again  
To find my jacket warm.  
There his motions still.  
His comfort is complete  
But lying thus unmoved  
His beauty is forgotten.*



## EXODUS ON I-19

Judy Quinn, '69

Zoom! Another Good Samaritan passes us by. The endless white snake is incomprehensible. He has no tail and as yet no head that we can reach. He is not cold as at night, but seems now to complete with our sun by bowling waves of heat smelling of tar and asphalt. His sting is too much to be curbed by thin soles. He is white and deceptively shiny. Just try to reach one of his glimmering liquid stripes.

Our inevitable thumbs both pointing the same way sink lower to our sides and seem to race the sun in its declining pattern. The sound of brakes behind us set our unbelieving limbs in motion and seconds later we are enveloped in liquid coolness and silence interrupted only by the whizzing of one slightly unclosed window. We are reminded of our Egypt only by the annoying sensation of sunburn.



## PUNS

Susan Cornelius, '69

*How darrest thou snob call  
a pun loweth humor?  
How darrest thou condemn this  
most witty of forms?  
How doest thou thinkest Will  
Shakespeare would feelest  
If he knewest  
thou hatest his porms?*

## UNTITLED NUMBER ONE

Sheri Anglea, '70

*The blue lights glimmered, glimmered—out  
Black, black in night.*

*Where am I going? NOWHERE,  
But—where is that? Well, turn left at the corner*

*So I did, and I met Lily and he took me  
around. And we had fun, Ah, fun, only an  
opinion,—fun, Ah, fun—only an opinion—fun.  
Lily had a beard that was white, on a black face.  
He looked well; like himself;  
there is no description in Lily's world,  
no opinion, either. I met his friends. I  
liked them.*

*So I buried my head in Lily's loves,  
Lily's chants and Lily's beads.  
Then I cried. Because I was not able  
to un-conform, because the flowers  
made me sneeze, and strobe lights made me  
dizzy.*

*Maybe, I've always been in Lily's world  
of Little Sweet Daisies and acid was  
an escape—to reality.*

*So the things Lily enjoyed were not  
the same as I had anticipated.  
And I tried to crawl through a small  
opening, to reality, and I tried to take  
Lily with me, begging and pleading  
with him to come, and on one last curious  
glance, he came, and we ran down  
the long passageway, and I turned, almost  
to the end and saw Lily was gone;  
he had wilted and the black face  
had turned to white, and so he died.  
I realized—what, then I turned, and  
gathered the petals.*



DECEMBER 10, 1967

Elmira Schlopwitz, '68

*My dear little imperfect lover,  
I love you for your weaknesses  
As you love me for mine.  
We may play at being fine, but always  
You and I fit into our little, imperfect niche,  
And I guess we like it there.*

## KALEIDOSCOPE

Ginger Harris, '70

*It flitted before me,  
Swooping, diving,  
Uplifted by gentle currents of air.  
Before my eyes  
It danced,  
Tantalizing me.  
Outward I reached  
To capture it.  
But it was gone,  
And I ran after it  
Searching,  
Reaching,  
Wondering.  
A thought, a dream  
Lost forever.*

## TO R.L.S.

Paula Whitson, '69

*On a high hill the wind blows free  
In fits around him. Its melody  
Is strengthened by a sigh he gives:  
A testimony that he lives  
To make a song both strong and fine  
Blowing a smile that is mine.*

## ESCAPE BY DEATH

Rose Marie Pinder, '71

The stale air enveloped the solitary figure. Thin fingers drummed listlessly against the plush cushions of the exquisite car. Contorted persons, frantically beating upon the exterior, were mocked by the car's silent occupant. Vibrant life met placid death as the car was forced open. The tired corpse sat triumphantly in the rich surroundings. How long he had endured!

## MEN AND BOYS

Jeannie Crawford, '70

*Little boys  
Playing games  
Shoot 'em up; Shoot 'em up!  
They're children  
Says their father.*

*Big boys  
Playing war  
Killing, Killing  
They're men  
Say their sons.*

## THE POEM SPEAKS

Sheri Anglea, '70

*What I am does not matter,  
But you can see; find out for yourself,  
what I am to you,  
I am like the multi-colored  
reflections in a golden ball,  
Coming from somewhere which is  
nowhere, and going . . . where?*



# THE BEAR DANCE IN THE COUNTRY

Carolyn Weesner, '68

## SCENE I

(The curtain opens on a heavy storm. To achieve the effect a thin, misty silvery-gray curtain is hung in front of the stage with fans blowing it in waves. Objects can be seen through the curtain to be wind-blown and shadow-like. The wind rises and falls in pitch, sometimes screaming, sometimes moaning. Thunder can be heard and lightning can be seen from behind the curtain. "The Bear Dance" by Bela Bartok is played on the piano. A male figure is seen to run back and forth behind the curtain. When the music gets to the second series of heavy bass notes, it fades to allow figure to speak. A spotlight shines on figure while speaking.)

### FIGURE 1:

*Oh where, oh where, oh where on  
earth is it?  
Oh why is it that I cannot find it?  
Could it be hid behind that  
sprawling tree?  
Or is it by the rock? Or in the cave  
Beyond that farther hill? Oh, no,  
it's hid  
In none of these familiar hiding  
spots.  
For if it were so close then I could  
see  
Its brilliance—It shines brighter  
than a star.  
And, if so close, I'd hear it calling  
me  
As it has often called me from afar.*

(Spotlight fades out. Wind and music louder. Figure is seen to run around stage and finally disappear. After a short time another figure, this time a middle-aged female, runs in and around. Finally stops. Wind and music fade. Spotlight.)

### FIGURE 2:

*For all these many years I've tried  
to find  
That which is always just beyond  
my reach.  
And never can I find it, for it seems*

*To try to hide whenever I come  
near.  
There was one day when I thought  
I had it. My  
Joy was complete. The world was  
mine that day  
And happiness had found a home  
in within  
My heart. But then it left without  
a word;  
Without a single moment's notice I  
Was left alone. And only then did I  
Realize I had not caught what I'd  
been  
Chasing after. It eluded me again.  
I'd only had a glimpse of it before  
It passed away from me and out of  
sight.  
But that one glimpse sufficed to  
demonstrate  
Abundant joy. Now lack of that  
great light  
Leaves lonely darkness to  
anticipate.*

## SCENE II

(Bartok's "Evening in the Country" is being played. The curtain opens on a lush tropical island. The sun is shining brightly on bright, green leaves. A group of children are playing on the ground in the foreground. From farther back other groups can be seen. Laughter is heard in the background, and off-stage a voice speaks.)

### VOICE:

*(Scornfully) Why worry over others'  
miseries?  
For all we do is play our life away.  
And all we want is pleasure. That is all  
That is worth anything in life. We  
know  
That others suffer, but is that a cause  
For us to suffer too? We never cry  
When we see others crying. Laughter!  
Oh,  
Such pleasure! Oh, fun! Such infinite  
joy!  
We all know sorrow is a state of mind,  
And it means nothing, except pain,  
another*



State of mind. Therefore, emotions are  
 Not real, just figments of our  
     overworked  
 Imaginations. So, why not just think  
 Of happy thoughts? Why not just  
     laugh and play  
 Your life away? For there's no cause to  
     blink  
 At pain, for pain's not there. It's just  
     your mind.  
 And those whose sorrows make you  
     cry, they merely  
 Haven't found the balm. Short-sighted  
     fools  
 With no ability to love or laugh.  
 Come live with us! Come learn to  
     laugh! Forget  
 The past! Forget the pain! There is  
     none here!  
 No pain or fear! We're free from that!  
     Free from  
 The past, so we don't care! Come live  
     with us!

#### CURTAIN

(Directions as before. This time figure is a young woman between 18-26. She is very thin with long, straight hair. She seems to walk awkwardly. For her speech the sound effects are not lessened quite as much.)

#### FIGURE 3:

(Screams.) I'm lost! I'm lost! It led  
     me to nowhere!  
 Here I'm stranded, searching for  
     that which  
 I cannot see, and looking for that  
     which  
 I cannot see, and list'ning for that  
     which  
 I cannot hear! And why? I don't  
     know why.  
 I always wanted to be happy. I  
 Just followed happiness. Look at  
     this place  
 To which it led me! This is some  
     unknown  
 Forbidden spot in which the wind  
     screams out  
 In terror, and the sky cries tears  
     to see  
 Such hard unfeeling desolation on  
 The earth. But I—Yes, I know,  
     once again

I must keep seeking what I cannot  
     find  
 And I must be insensible to pain;  
 I must shut out the terror in my  
     mind. (Screams.)

(Spotlight fades out. The last measures of  
 "The Bear Dance" are played as the curtain  
 closes.)

## STOPPING BY THE LAB ON A SUNNY MORNING

(with apologies to Robert Frost)

Deborah June Olive Baker, '68

Whose lab this is I know I know,  
 She's now within her office though,  
 She will not see me mopping here  
 The remnants of a beaker clear.

My instruments must think it queer  
 To work without Miss Penny near.  
 To toil amid the acid's wreck,  
 Without a breather-down-the-neck.

My partner gives her head a shake  
 To ask if there is some mistake,  
 The only other sound's the crash  
 Of shaking hands and falling glass.

Outside it's sunny, bright, and green,  
 But I have test tubes for to clean,  
 And much to mend where I have been,  
 And much to mend where I have been.



## "THE NIGHT WATCHMAN"

Cathy Anderson, '68

*Rumble, stumble, here they come, a million and  
seven devils . . .*

*Thundering, tumbling, rolling across the black  
tile sky . . .*

*They trip and fall and howl with pain, rolling,  
falling, rolling. . . .*

*Flash! God is here!*

*Look! They fear the light! They huddle, trem-  
bling . . .*

*Rumble, stumble, here they come again . . .*

*Knocking down tables and chairs . . .*

*Crushing and splintering the fur*

*ni  
ture . . .*

*Flash! The light is clicked!*

*They cower . . . and shake . . . and rumble, stum-  
ble . . .*

*There they go . . .*

*Will they return . . .*

*could be could be could be*

*goodbye goodbye*

*drip*

*drop*

## SOULSHINE

Deborah June Olive Baker, '68

Soulshine is having your stomach feel right at home inside you and feeling absolutely complete. It's walking shoelessly across the grass and sand and having the sensations slide clear up to the tips of your hair. Soulshine makes your teeth all ready to smile all the time, just waiting for your lips to get that upward surge. It's having a little hum or laugh singing all through you and your ears keeping time. It is the felt creak of the old porch swing, it is the heard crystal-ness of the childhood creek. Soulshine just is.





## LOST FRIENDS OR THE FALL

Fonde Thompson, '68

The whole canyon is beautiful. It's a rough beauty though, not an organized polished glory—just beauty. Any artist feels compelled to write about it or paint it, to express his feelings about the canyon. There is only one bridge across the gorge. It is worn and sagging, but still reaches to the other side. There is a place in the middle where the boards are missing. They could not stand the rough traffic. They broke and splintered below. Some stop to look in the hole in the bridge, into the ravine. Somehow it holds a fascination for them. The dizzy, swirling height of the bridge makes them want to look longer. Weak ones have fallen in the hole. Far below they live with the trolls. I have heard them laugh and sigh and moan. Their laughter is gay, their sighs so deep, their moans so painful. The smoke rises, screams reach my ears. Today I will try again to get across.



## I WENT WALKING

Jane Buchanan, 69

*I went walking today—  
past countless stores  
on nameless streets.*

*People hurried by,  
trying to catch time  
and the world.  
They moved too fast to care  
about life,  
about people.*

*I saw one of them fall behind . . .  
her crippled limbs clinging to  
a brown wheelchair.  
My glance caught the sunlight in her eyes,  
and I saw her smile.*

*I tried to smile like that  
I couldn't.*

*I wondered about people . . .  
why we put a budding rose  
in a rusty can,  
and a weed  
in a porcelain vase.*

## CAGLUNCH ?

Sheri Anglea, '70

Upon the desk  
Sits the grey crock  
a dial in  
wait.  
Lend it a  
theme or perhaps  
a finger  
and it will  
caress it  
rather tightly with  
steel.



## "HERE." "HERE!" "HERE?"

Deborah June Oliver Baker, '68

It's 8:50 A.M. at Harpeth Hall and once again it's roll call time in the chemistry room. You may not consider this to be a time for fearful anticipation. But for me, and a thousand other poor souls, it is a time of tortuous deliberation. The line is never in doubt; the script calls for a mere "here." However, since there are no directions as to the inflection involved, you must interpret it yourself.

You may come out with a thundering "Here!" which reverbrates from wall to wall. You sound firm, fearless, and masterful. However, the teacher may interpret it as a defiant "Here I am! Just see if you can make me learn something!" Or she may be insulted, thinking that you believe her to be slightly deaf and wish to spare her the embarrassment of not hearing you. She may take it several other ways; on one occasion the teacher beamed with delight and announced that I was the only one who was breathing properly!

If you are, by nature, a timid person, you will, of course, reject the first reply and settle on the soft "Here." To yourself, you sound docile, obedient, and mentally collected; to others you sound faint, insipid, and milquetoast-like. Some teachers think that you mean "I'm not long for this world. Teach on!" and are a willing martyr, respond by leaping over and around desks to wave smelling salts frantically under your nose. If the "Here" is soft enough, she may think that you are whispering, either from laryngitis or from fear that your enemies will find you out. She then whispers accordingly; after all, what self-respecting teacher wants a student shot in her class?

Then too, you may adopt a middle-of-the-road policy and adopt a firm, clear, even tone. You will sound cool, calm, collected; you may also sound cow-like, i.e., devoid of all intelligence and intellectual curiosity. This tone caused one teacher to shout despairingly at her erring students, "For heaven's sake use some expression!" The terrified "Here's" that followed irritated her even more.

There is an infinite number of tones and modulations; each teacher interprets them differently. A "Here" with a giggle in it may cause her to wonder if either her nose has turned fluorescent orange or some budding young artist has drawn her portrait on the blackboard. A "Here" with a sob or catch in your voice may worry her for hours; this is hard on her nerves, and therefore she is hard on everyone else's nerves. A "Here" with a twinkle and a grin may put her on guard as to some unexpected devilment; an extremely innocent tone will obtain the same effect. A fervent "Here" may make her think of you as the Visionary with a Cause, which you will drag into any and all class discussions.

With such a multitude of ways to answer roll, you can easily see what a quandary I'm in every morning. Perhaps I could use signs to indicate my presence; or, even better, perhaps I could not answer at all!

## BAD TRIP

Margaret Weaver, '70

*I swallowed hard, real hard.  
It took pretty long,  
But I didn't feel bad,  
Just queer.*

*At first there were stars,  
Yellow ones with faces.  
Then I fell down, too far.  
Landed in a canyon.  
The rocks were high; I felt free,  
Yet all alone and small.*

*Now I can see my baby, too vague.  
I can hear her crying, but she smiles.  
The fog, it's too great and  
I can't see, can't see.*

*I shook my head sharply, real sharply.  
I'd been under a long time;  
I could tell.  
There are voices all around.  
"Bad trip, bad trip."  
My head, how it's spinning.  
Everyone's yelling, but I can't hear.  
"Bad trip, bad trip."  
While my head is spinning  
Round, round, and round.*



## FLAME

Anne Beach, '68

*The moment I first saw the flicker  
Dancing  
Undulating  
In the thickness not light or even  
Dark—mere indistinct shade of twilight—  
I drew aside, shy,  
Expectant, hopeful.  
A million fires before I'd seen, but  
Never touched—never even cared the  
Feel of.  
Now this vermillion yellow heat  
Curled its fingers, hissed, snarled  
Enticed me to it although I loathed  
the power of its being.  
I closed my eyes but  
Longed now to be scorched  
Inside out to my fingertips,  
I know the ecstasy of fire-pain—  
To be so engulfed in searing whiteness  
That oblivion was nearer than  
Heaven, more enveloping than Hell.  
So with joy and utter expectation I offered  
myself to  
Flame.  
It took me but I felt no  
Hotness. No  
Pain. No tingling, lingering agitation even . . .  
Nothing.  
Nothing . . .  
I opened my eyes in a mild shock of  
disappoint  
and noticed that the fire had smothered. What a  
shame,  
I thought, as I turned and walked away.*

## SONNET NO. 3

Pam Sullivan, '69

*While sitting on the floor, a stone-like stance  
They mediate and try to comprehend  
What man has never known or had the chance  
To recognize; a god whom they can bend.  
But searching for their values they must find  
A god whom they are able to command  
And see and touch and known within their  
minds  
A god they form to meet their own demands  
Then to the stars we cast a wary glance  
To see what sort of creature lurks above.  
And standing here we see the heathens dance  
Around their golden god that preaches love  
A need innate in man, they gratify:  
To idolize a god they can't deny.*

## THE UNICORN

Linda Anderson, '69

*Softness of shades of purple, blue, and green  
Filtered through the silver veil of my mind.  
With them came a clear Utopian dream  
Of a kind of life mortals cannot find.  
The Unicorn stepped out of mist and haze,  
Silently danced and rested at my feet.  
The deep blue-wine eyes deepened as to daze,  
Silver sounds and touches of dawn I met.  
I caught the horn and frolicked on the heath,  
Ran through a prism and burst into a beam!  
We, with purple above, joined souls beneath,  
But soon desire and lust defiled my dream.  
For violently the purple came ablaze—  
My soul afire, I shoved the beast away.*

## REALIZATION

Betsy Campbell, '68

*Naïvely together  
We raced on a sunbeam  
Through the glaring and joyful  
City of sin.  
Clinging together and proudly ignoring  
Greedy-eyed bartenders,  
Lonely old men.  
We grabbed each new moment  
And cherished our passion.  
Wildly and drunkenly;  
Tried to hang on.  
But a fierce gnawing feeling  
God knows where it came from,  
Reminded us grimly that  
Soon it would end.  
Our rosebuds would wither  
And we too, would stoop there,  
Lonely and greedy  
And old.*



## UNTITLED NUMBER ONE

Claire Brittain, '71

My mind wanders through forests of words  
reaching out now and then through darkness to  
grasp one—only to see it fade away into nothing.  
They fly around me—screaming out their hidden  
messages until I become deafened by their  
meaninglessness. I see them approaching to show  
themselves to me—until my eyes are blinded by  
their empty brightness. So I am left, with noth-  
meanings of words.  
ing but my thoughts to ponder over the silent  
meanings of words.

## UNTITLED NUMBER ONE

Dorothy Keenan, '70

*The unicorn came out of the mist and ferns to  
drink and splash in the still, silver pool at the  
edge of the jungle.*  
*A star shone in the black sky and sparkled on  
the beast's golden horn.*  
*Winging silently across the bloodstained moon,  
a pterodactyl gave a cold howl, and his furry  
feathers rushed with the motion of his flight.*  
*The white beast's feet floated over the blue  
grasses soundlessly as it neared the pool  
where red and blue fishes swam among the  
colored pebbles.*  
*The unicorn's peaceful face gently lapping the  
crystal water was reflected up to the spinning,  
burning objects in the heavens.*  
*Silently from the jungle thicket a tiger crept,  
its yellow eyes flashing signals to its glowing  
fangs—Then it pounced.*  
*There was no sound—only a brief  
struggle.*  
*Lying peacefully by the little pool,  
the unicorn seemed to be sleeping—with his  
horn still illumined by the single star.*  
*Yet a tiny rivulet of blood trickled from a wound  
in his throat, across his snowy neck, and into  
the virgin pool.*  
*The quiet pool became a murky red, and the  
little fishes strangled in the bloody waters.*  
*In the distance a tiger howled his pagan,  
triumphant cry to the wind and the  
bloodstained moon.*

## THE LIFE ADDICT

Becky Montague, '69

*The first time out is great, it  
blows your mind,  
You know what's happening, but  
you don't care,  
Everything is nice, right, the  
world is kind,  
You board a bus, you'll have  
to pay your fare.  
Two times, three times and  
your body craves more,  
It's a damn dirty trick it plays  
on you,  
You hit it again, your head  
starts to soar,  
Too late to stop, baby, your  
mind just blew.*

*It hurts to know you must  
have more, hurts bad,  
Your body craves it; your mind  
can't stand it;  
Eyes become hollow, face worn,  
comment: SAD,  
You become one big nerve, can't  
stand; cant sit.  
You see no hope, hope of life drifting  
like sand,  
What can you do, wait 'till  
the end comes, man.*

## IN JULY

Paula Whitson, '69

*How often I have ventured here,  
Into this soft and windy place,  
To feel the pale sift through the clear  
black balm that soothes me, strokes my face.*  
*To set my spirit free to roam  
Along this beach of waves and sand,  
To find a path 'midst rocks and foam,  
To dance between the sea and land.*  
*Healed for a time, I'll leave again,  
Until a similar, future time,  
With consolations of a plan,  
Another faulty, transient rhyme.*





## UNTITLED NUMBER SIX

Rachel Steele, '70

*It has happened—  
The drugged mind from out of the daze  
Senses that something is missing,  
But cannot fully explain what.  
The half-choked swallows,  
The bitten lips,  
The forced smiles,  
And the polite laughter  
—All fight instinctively to hold back the tears.  
People try clumsily to say what is right,  
Knowing well that it can't be enough,  
Yet still hoping to change that which is and  
must be.*

*—All this I know but do not realize,  
For that numb feeling above the heart  
Has not yet grown accustomed to the  
dull emptiness.*

## MUTTERINGS FROM A PADDED CELL

Grace Paine, '70

*No, MY air is not contaminated—I alone breathe  
this air—*

*This air is pure, clean—that no one can smut or  
distort—*

*Outside these sacred walls, the grotesque world  
struggles to breathe—only inhaling fetid oxygen.*

*Do you see that slot in the wall?  
That's where they push bugs and spiders  
through*

*(sometimes even scorpions)*

*They know that strait-jacketed arms can't knock  
bugs off—*

*But I know why they torture ME  
—jealously—*

*Steps? Coming closer and closer!  
it's my food—  
what is it?*

*\$!%|\*?&!!\*\*\$|-~‡*

*A rat!*

*Take it away—I won't eat it—  
Any more rats and I'll. . .*

*Take notice—*

*They've not built a single window to look in!  
Oh, I pity them! They are sheltered from this  
room.*

*You know—I really believe that they think  
they've locked ME in!  
chuckle-chuckle*

*Sometimes I can tell they're trying to listen in—  
trying to gain some knowledge—  
Oh-h-h but then I'm silent—  
I won't share—no—*

*But yet, I do love them—  
It was they who put ME here—it was they  
who gave ME the universe these walls hold—*

*—I am selfish—*

*—I will keep it entirely to MYSELF—  
So they must live their lives in misery!*

*Poor, poor, pitiful people—*

*The idiots must live*

*insanely*

*—forever—*



## FROM ONE CHILD OF DECEMBER TO ANOTHER

Paula Whitson, '69

The grimy dust of the day evaporated in a fog that matched the atmosphere as the rain fell coolly, searchingly, upon us. This rain-soaked, dust-soaked blew my hair back to expose my face ever so slightly, whispered your name ever so faintly. The moon in the dark made soft shimmers on the water—glimmers of each other on the long road home.

## LOVE OF CRYSTAL

Eleanor Whitworth, '69

*I thank you for your crystal love so dear,  
And awe to see the perfect jewel for me.  
Regretting I cannot be so sincere,  
I'll leave you as the tide goes from the sea.  
A tear of celluloid falls on your lip  
Each time I give my plastic promise. No,  
It is not wine but poison that you sip,  
For this cruel heart is pricked and hanging low.  
Your love is fair, each facet shines so true  
With emeralds, rubies, new-born cherubim.  
My love, synthetic, holes shot through and  
through,  
A timely thing that's here, then gone again.  
No match are zircons for your diamonds, so,  
I'll have to wait until my glass love grows.*



## NOVEMBER, 1967

Fonde Thompson, '68

*Tonight in the cold midnight  
I wonder  
If she's beginning to love you.  
Is it like our first was  
So warm and happy,  
Light but  
Lovely?  
Is it cold there too, like it was on our first?  
I know the party back home must be  
Great fun and  
This  
Is so miserable.  
Usually on cold nights like tonight  
We sit and talk of  
Warm things and then  
You kiss me and then  
I forget that it's cold . . .  
Or we laugh and run and  
Never stop 'till  
We're all warm and  
Glowing.  
Oh I hope it's cold at home, so cold that she  
Shivers, and  
You wish for me, and  
Wonder if it's cold here too, and if I'm beginning  
To love him.*

## SUCCESS

Nena Couch, '68

*You know I can't stop now. Don't ask me yet  
To quit. It's too important to the earth  
That I be there to make its dull and set  
Existence resound with song and mirth.  
I've just now started working hard to find  
My way through all the others trying too.  
I'm rising fast to meet it. Nothing binds  
Me now. Quit sighing "If you only knew."  
I know I'm after what I want. If you  
Come too, perhaps we'll go together. But  
I know that I could get there without you.  
I love this more. You see, my heart has shut  
You out. Don't ask me now. I want success.  
Don't beg me, or I know I'll answer yes.*



## I'M FREE

Virginia Dale, '69

*Bang!—But it wasn't like that;  
Not a balloon exploding,  
But the air seeping out.  
Something I'd always feared  
Appeared in a whisper.  
Like a release from all my worries  
It crept upon me,  
And before I knew it, I was free,  
Free from the dreaded pin.*

## SONG

Nena Couch, '68

*The gold grows out of silent thought and clings  
Onto the stars and flies to one and all  
Proclaiming loud or spinning soft. It brings  
A mist of burnished shine. It soars, then falls,  
Then up again to touch the clouds and take  
A little piece for those who wait below,  
To leave with them the proof of it, to make  
them realize, to seek, to search, to know.  
Instead, perhaps it will spark a thought  
Not great or grand, but new, or pull the stop  
Of life and let them see what gold has brought.  
For they will find a whisper, then it's gone—  
That one bright moment that is known as song.*

## UNTITLED NUMBER ONE

Margo Hill, '70

*The sun rose on a barren world  
this morning.  
The garbage littered the streets  
as always.  
Only this morning the garbage  
was of a different kind,  
and the streets were no longer  
streets.  
Dead, burning bodies lay about.  
Mothers with their children,  
Lovers with their loves.  
And man sits upon his throne of stupidity  
and asks why?*

## SNOW AGAIN

Gail Trickett, '69

*It's snowing now.  
Isn't it beautiful? But it can kill.  
It looks soft and white and pure, but it's not.  
It's cold. And it hurts.  
We played in the snow one day. It was fun,  
and we were children. But you were just  
pretending. You aren't a child. You weren't  
sorry when you hurt me. It isn't right to  
hurt a child. Now you laugh without  
remembering. You don't even think about it.  
You make me hate you . . . But I love you.  
Please melt, Snow. Go away.  
Help me, God.  
It's snowing now.*

## A CIRCLE

Jeannie Crawford, '70

*A circle  
Circles around  
Continuity  
In motion.  
Completeness—a circle.  
Infinity . . .  
But a square  
Stops.*



## SORROW

Rachel Steele, '70

*Who? Yeah I know him sorta—  
Fat guy—never saw a guy so fat,  
Fat-headed too . . . stupid, you know what I  
mean?  
Heard he got in with a bad bunch.  
Well I never liked him especially—  
Always reminded me of a greasy french fry.  
. . . Huh? He died yesterday?  
What a pity! Such a sweet boy—  
Always in a kind of a daze, sorta innocent  
of life.  
Felt sorry for him, so fat an' all—  
Too bad . . . I knew him well.*



## THE BARBER

Sheri Anglea, '70

*Lonely, hobbled down the street  
comes the tap, tap of wee old feet to the  
shop.  
Jingling ever; keys on a chain,  
the little old man tries to refrain from  
coughing.  
Opening the door and walking in, he sees the  
traces of shorn locks that haven't been  
too neatly swept away.  
Flicking a switch on the wall turns  
on a candy cane that says the shop is  
open for business, which seldom  
comes at all.  
Dressed neatly in a little white coat,  
the barber pretends to smoke a pipe  
which health ruled out long  
ago.  
The hours stumble one by one, and the barber  
sits and watches the sun bob  
around in the sky, like a beach ball  
on the water.  
Finally comes the sunset, and undoing what's  
been done, he folds his frock and turns the  
lock, and lonely echoes the tap, tap of wee old  
feet;  
he hobbles (all the way home).*





## PREY PREYING

Sheri Anglea, '70

*I tried to ask for help, but no one heard or answered.*

*I felt horrid, and I ached from constantly pushing, pushing air.*

*I wanted to dream and dream and dream.*

*I thought some fairy—god would come down and swoop me away in a golden chariot, forever. But then I discovered I wasn't a little girl anymore. My golden locks and frilly frocks had long since been taken from me. I realized I was older and I shouldn't hold to girlish fancies designed to escape reality. After a while then, I knew how very right I was. And then you—you came along and blew the whole damned 'scene; so now I'm a little girl again, sans locks and frocks, but still clinging on to a golden chariot driven by a fairy—god.*

## EDUCATED

Merrie Morrissey, '69

*Endlessly searching for knowledge  
Endeavoring to approach the truth  
And learning more and more*

*About the world*

*And beyond.*

*Realizing that the moon is but a sort of planet  
With ugly, grayish mountains and craters.*

*One of an uncountable number*

*Of empty, gloomy spheres.*

*No longer is it a lovely whitish-yellow ball*

*Floating through the sky, smiling.*

*Not a piece of green cheese with a man*

*Eating it and waving to me.*

*Nor romantic pretty light in the sky*

*Blending with dark blue night*

*To walk beneath.*

*I know now.*

*It is none of these images,*

*False, manmade.*

*Facts, knowledge, fill my mind.*

*Pointing me towards truth.*

*But why, when my mind is*

*Caught between facts,*

*Do I imagine the moon to be*

*A bright little ball with*

*A smiling face*

*Instead of a mass of fire, dust, rock?*

## INNOCENCE

Lynda LeRoue, '70

*One rock*

*Amidst the waves*

*—the waves of palest blue with white  
caps—and sparkling bubbles*

*the smell of fresh salt water tints the  
breeze with freshness*

*the sun is setting—its golden rays  
frosting the waves*

*And the water ripples—*

*THAT rock—which has heard the cry  
of many a drowning man*

*yet waits for another—*

*Amidst those docile waves.*

## THE REAL ONE

Kathy Grant, '70

*"See that grey Buick over there?"*

*"That's his."*

*"Oh."*

*"See those people over there? The two on  
that end are his parents."*

*"Oh."*

*"See that girl walking with Margaret?"*

*"Yeah."*

*"That's his girlfriend."*

*"I bet you hate her!"*

*"Yeah."*

*"Boy, I wish I knew him as well as you do."*

*But that's not the way it really was. I didn't  
know Rob—I just knew about him.*

*Oh sure, I knew what sports he played, his  
class schedule, where he lived, what he liked—  
I knew everything but him.*

*My friends would nudge me when he passed  
by. They all knew I liked him—even his mother.*

*Everytime I made a wish (when we drove  
through a tunnel or blew out birthday candles  
or something) it was always, "Please let Rob  
like me." Every night at least a page was de-  
voted to him in my diary.*

*But did I really want to know him? Would he  
be up to my expectations? Or would he be a  
disappointment?*

*Maybe I had dreamed too long—built up too-  
perfect an image to ever be satisfied with the  
real Rob.*

*Maybe I should just go on dreaming.*

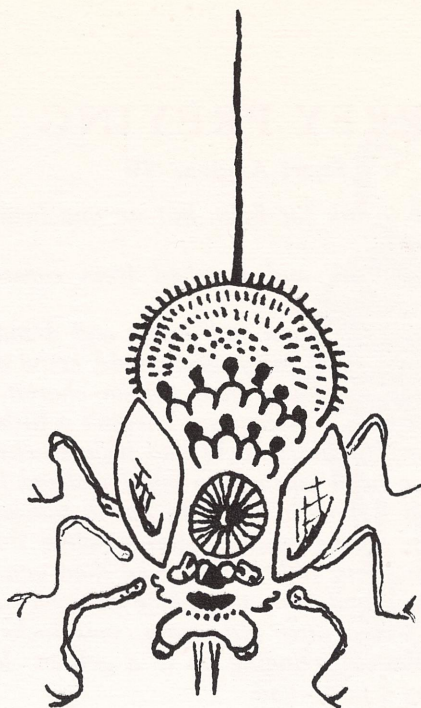


## AN AWARENESS

Merrie Morrissey, '69

We were happy playful children, always playing in the forest, running from the frightening People Trees, hiding beneath the friendly Beauty Bushes, crossing the tricky creek and being careful not to slip and fall and float down to the fall, and fall and fall and drown. We traversed to the other side to the pretty. To the meadow, green with spotted cows mooing and grazing, and we played unknowing and yet, sensing.

We have grown now. But we are still running from terrifying people towering like trees and hiding beneath the shelter of the beautiful, kind, small people. We cross each creek carefully, anxiously, and we wonder when we will fall in. And if we do, will we be able to climb out or just fall and drown. The meadow we've approached and too often passed over lightly. We think we are knowing, yet how? When we aren't even sensing.



## THE SUN GAME

Carolyn Weesner, '68

*The day was hot.  
It must have been 110 degrees  
In the desert. And we were all sitting*

*On the hot rocks,  
Playing at Hearts.*

*We argued. One of us  
Maintained the cards were stacked.  
I remember it made a lot of difference—  
A lot of difference—  
Whether or not the cards were stacked.*

*The sun beat mercilessly on the rocks.  
The hot rocks scorched our flesh  
And burned our bodies. It made no difference—  
No difference at all—  
Whether the rocks were hot and we were burned  
Or not.*

*"What do you remember?"  
"I remember like a dream the rocks  
And the beat. And we were all sitting*

*On the hot rocks,  
Playing at Hearts."*

## TUMBLING KINGDOMS

Dorothy Keenan, '70

*The beggars line the narrow aisles.  
I walk by—quickly, surely,  
Then I see their candid smiles  
Of suppressed, triumphant glee—but  
I, the one exalted ruler of my  
Own strong kingdoms  
Will walk swiftly by  
Without a backwards look  
At a staring vacant spot  
In their ranks—Left for any fool  
Who would fall into their plot  
Of having Nothing for his king.  
Yet the hall looms ever longer,  
So I run in blind panic, and  
I breathe hard. I wish that I were stronger  
So I could reach the end which doesn't.  
But the smiles become the laughing  
Of a thousand mocking devils,  
So now I can't move faster in  
My haste to reach the vacant spot.*



# LE TÉLÉPHONE SONNE

Kathy Grant, '70

The telephone rings  
Hello? (Who can it be?)  
Why, my friend!  
A sound like her voice  
    Tingles in my ears.  
Sal? Where are you, Sal?  
All I can see is  
    Little black holes which bore  
    Deep into the plastic.  
Sal, you are not in my telephone,  
For you are too big  
    To fit inside!  
Can it be that your  
    Very voice runs  
    Around and around  
    Through this coil of wire?  
Here—I will twist a knot  
    In the wire  
    Of your voice.  
Sal, you still talk!  
But I have strangled your throat!  
I will pull this wire  
    Which grows from the wall.  
Sal, where did you go?  
Where is your voice?  
The talking holes are silent.



# NOVEMBER, 1966

Kate Cooper, '68

The half-filled pen does scratch against my heart;  
Huge drops of deep black ink run down the page;  
These my tools rebel against this art;  
Their motivation surely is no sage.  
The thin black streaks run on in endless line,  
This never-ending torture racks my brain.  
The winding, slinking, green, entwining vine  
Of jumbled words creeps in toward the inane.  
Emotions deep and heavy flee my dreams;  
The gaiety of springs flows round about  
But these, the thoughts of ages dodge the reams  
Of senseless phrases over which I pout.  
The futility of this grave situation  
Serves only to increase dull desperation.

# ALARUM!

Grace Paine, '70

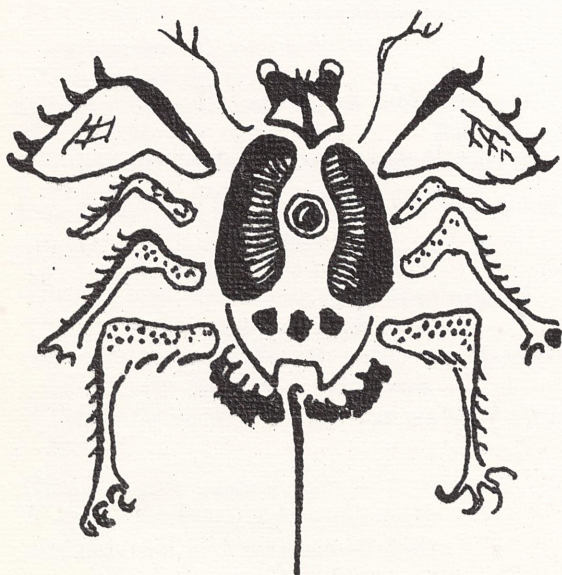
grasping  
    gnawing  
        panting  
            delving into the interwoven  
                passages of my mind  
my tremulous hands clasp this tooth-riddled  
    pencil  
as my chest heaves with traumatic turmoil  
but as the creeping hands of this hated clock  
    come  
        closer and closer to my doom  
I begin to realize  
    that occasional verse  
        is just  
something I can't do.



## A FAIRY TALE

Merrie Morrissey, '69

You came upon your white charger,  
But it wasn't really,  
It was gray with little pink spots,  
And said you wanted to take me  
On a Once Upon a Time.  
And convinced me that it was  
And would be the only time.  
I believed, but knew.  
Yet forgot what I knew,  
That there were fairer maidens before  
And would be queenlier afterwards.  
Yet I went with you on your  
Ugly gray horse with the pink spots  
That looked white to my eyes  
To Never Never Land.  
I almost became a part.  
I believed and thought  
It was all so true and right and always  
But that was wrong.  
As the fairy dust wore off  
I abruptly was left by this enchanted land.  
I saw you riding away on your gray horse  
And I tell you Prince:  
You and your Happily Ever Afters  
Will ride on his ugly pink spots  
... forever.



## UNTITLED NUMBER ONE

Joan Wheeler, '70

In the corner he sat, facing the rafters—  
crouched and squeezed in a hard,  
straight chair (somewhat like himself).

Here he dwelled daily—  
secluding himself from the world,  
grumbling and complaining.

An agnostic to the universe itself,  
a great pessimistic soul  
in his own apathetic creation.

... funny how the old man sits in the corner  
of his attic as he defaces society.

## WINDOWS

Carolyn Weesner, '68

we started our work together. i don't  
remember exactly when it was  
that we started working separately.  
very carefully we laid the foundations.  
ever so slowly and sweetly  
we then laid brick on brick, building  
the wall that surrounded us—separated us from  
the rest of the world—  
we painted the wall.  
when you were there, and i was there,  
we mixed and painted colors that were beautiful.  
then you gave me the ring.  
that finally sealed the roof down over our heads.  
but we forget to make a window.  
we couldn't see our paintings without light.  
we couldn't see each other.

i guess that was when our work together stopped.  
you started cutting a window on your side of  
the room,  
and i started one on mine.  
we ruined the paintings,  
but what good were they in the dark?  
now we stand on opposite sides,  
each looking through the window he alone has  
made.



## THE LADIES' PARLOR

Kathy Grant, '70

The ladies' parlor is part of every old theater and cinema house. Step inside one. The carpeting is worn thin, but perhaps in a dark corner you can see a rich pattern outlined in tenacious purple, fading in spite of its efforts to hide from the light. The walls are painted a filthy pink, dirty with age which no fresh coat can hide. One wall bears a full-length mirror, and around the others are placed separate vanities. Each has its own once-lush velvet seat. Round lightbulbs, the star's dressingroom type, border the mirrors. The velvet of the stools and the rug have not seen sunlight or breathed fresh air for twenty or thirty years. Every few years a partial face lift helps to retard the musty leprosy that rots an old, closed-up room, but inevitably the disease progresses. A vestige of stale perfume lingers in the air, and one can almost visualize the ladies of an age ago flouncing in to powder their noses before a show or during the intermission. Now this set frequents the newer, more stylish suburban movie houses, bequeathing the downtown matrons to ragged children, teen-agers, and the people who live in narrow tenements behind the vast department stores.



## AN OPEN MIND

Susan Cornelius, '69

*An open mind is like a pound cake.  
You can put anything  
into it, and then discard the things  
you don't want or need. But—  
once it has baked, the ingredients  
are there to stay and the pores  
close.—  
Don't bake your brain.*

## UNTITLED NUMBER ONE

Lynda LeRoue, '70

*Her Love doesn't swirl and flee—it dominates.  
The clock ticks and the cat meows and the  
children say their blessings.  
But she is pushed aside and lies under  
six feet of packed earth.  
Yet the clock ticks and the cat meows and  
the children say their blessings  
AND the time goes by  
AND the time goes by  
The clock stops, the cat purrs no more, and  
the children forget to say their blessings.  
For they now have nothing  
Their winder has gone  
And so with her—love is forgotten.*



## BY THE WARM WAY

Jenny Tippens, '68

*The wind chimes ching out their tune  
cacophonous, yet as interesting  
As a fire: changing every moment,  
Always new and yet reassuringly  
familiar.  
My lips were painfully drawn, parched.  
I felt the blood throbbing through them.  
With the lonely burning in my throat  
And the sharp slashing of the wind at my neck,  
I begged relief from the agony of the cold.*

*You were there by the warm way.  
I slowly passed, and somehow your presence  
Shot a strange new madness through my  
whole frame. Made me shake within.  
But I had to go along home.  
Seeing you on the road for that moment  
was nice—  
But I had to go go along home.*

## MOMENTARY

Maximillian Slump, '68

*I only knew you for a few hours  
You smiled very freely and became  
my friend  
We ran down the streets, the cold air  
tearing at our lungs.  
And we smiled very freely.*

*We heard the music, said the words,  
hummed. smiled.  
You were beside me, but time ran from us.  
Again the cold air  
But this time, there was more of an ache  
than sharp pain.  
You gave me your hand.  
Our time was gone. We had to run to chase it,  
But that didn't help.  
You smiled very freely. And then,  
I went my way.*

## THE TEACHER

Dorothy Keenan, '70

Late afternoon sunlight, sifting the dust as it came between the cracks in the closed blinds. . . . The elderly woman entered the room, setting her body in an old, shape-less chair facing the musty room. The woman put her folder full of uncorrected papers on the table beside her and frowned at the thought of fixing liver for Eric—Tuesday was always liver night for Eric. . . .

"Are you still dating Eric, Fran? Taking him to the prom, huh? Gonna get serious, huh?"

"No, I don't particularly like him, but he's somebody to date. When I marry though, I want somebody exciting—someone who'll make life a thrill. . . . I sorta think I'd make Rudy Valee a good wife—or someone like him—you know—young, successful, exciting. . . ."

"Hah! How do you expect to meet someone like that—those types aren't real, silly!"

"I know, I'll just hang on to that slob Eric I suppose, at least until someone better comes along. I still keep waiting for my Prince Charming to carry me away though. I guess I always will be a dreamer. . . ."

The teacher's eyes were closed as she leaned against the pillows in the chair. I would have made Nelson Eddy a good wife too . . ." she murmured.

The teacher heard Eric's old car chugging up the drive; with a disgusted sigh she went into the kitchen to cook his liver.

*Frj 4 n c m*

## THE LAST OF THE UNTITLED

Well, now I have thought of something. Good, what is it?

Next year.

Will you help me in the writing?

Next year then?

See you!

Oh.

Yeah, sure,

Okay.

'Bye!



# SENIOR CLASS POEM, 1967-68

Cathy Anderson and Carolyn Weesner

*Suddenly we converged on our maypole*

*Bringing our unending ribbons—*

*Each with its own distinct color,*

*Warm and cool colors:*

*The heat of impatience, defiance, and conflict,*

*The cold of uncertainty . . . and fear—*

*We came with our colors*

*To weave them together*

*To make our*

*Today.*

*The early pattern that we drew*

*Was chaos, no precision; yet*

*We laughed, afraid, as strangers do.*

*The summer passed—we knew our faces,*

*Recognized the colors through*

*The tangle. One new challenge met,*

*We smiled, like friends, and found our places.*

*Once in red, we blended more,*

*Evoking warmth of tone and hue.*

*Together now, we couldn't let*

*The gay conceit erase the traces*

*Of our pattern. To ignore*

*The challenge of a perfect blend*

*Of colors, to forget the blue*

*We'd mellowed since the threat*

*We suffered from our first disgraces—*

*These were ours until we swore*

*To make them proud. We've reached the end.*

*Tomorrow*

*Comes. We must soon sep-*

*arate, each taking with her*

*Her ribbon. We go*

*In search of new involvements*

*In which to make new patterns.*

*Where are we going?*

*We're not sure—*

*But we're going*

*To make you*

*Proud.*



